

Weather Forecast:  
Unsettled Tonight  
Sunday Probably Showers

# The Washington Times

HOME  
EDITION

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## KAISER'S FLAG RAISED ON ANTWERP RUINS; GERMANS TRY TO CUT OFF FLEEING ARMY

BOTH TEAMS  
ON EDGE FOR  
SECOND GAME  
IN BIG SERIES

Veteran Plank Mack's Hope to  
Stop Braves Today, While  
Stallings Is Expected to  
Pitch Tyler or James.

Batteries—Plank and Schang;  
James and Gowdy.

By HAL SHERIDAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—The down, and facing one of the most determined attacks they have faced in their many struggles for the highest baseball honors, the Athletics squared away against the Boston Braves for a second time this afternoon.

Ideal weather again prevailed. The sun dropped almost summer-like heat down upon the field. The base lines were so dry impatient gusts of wind kicked up dust clouds about second base. At noon the bleachers were packed and presented a symphony in black and white, with about half the fans minus their coats because of the heat.

Mackmen Appear First.

At 12:40 the first of the Athletics and Boston players appeared. The Mackmen appeared by two and three, and Murphy, Strunk, Barry, Collins, McInnis, and the rest were soon warming up.

The Braves dressed at the Phillies' Park, and arrived in a body. The bleachers gave them a rousing welcome. At that time but few were in the grandstands, but as crowds poured toward the stadium the indications were for another big throng.

Expecting that Tyler might be Stallings' pitching selection, the Athletics lined up at left-handed shoots during the period of batting practice. Later, when the Athletics took the mound, the intention of Mack to send the veteran Plank against the Braves meant to meet the port-side hurling. This was a surprise to the Braves, and they were left in place of Moran and Gandy.

Baker Poses With Bat.

The Athletics were not as camera-shy as Baker posed with his war club swatting position. The Braves had a cup of additional interest in a brilliant red uniform, sun stage Indians wear, was the job at the Boston bench. He was lined with war feathers, and "shot" to be some unfortunate horse's hind leg down over his shoulder. When Hughes did the early braying in the reserves were at batting practice. Hank Gowdy appeared to the stadium in special duty to the portable ring, and slammed a few long flies to the bleachers.

He showed sympathy for Athletics at such threatening size in the Braves' catcher, who yesterday fairly shook the plating in the ceiling in the home of the red non-combatants near by.

One of the apartment houses about the park were jammed. There were more than 2,000 persons to view the game. These perches outside of the pay-center enclosure. The grandstand was rapidly filling up, and the oval Roosters at that time had not appeared with their band, which was "tossed" at the slightest provocation.

The Times Baseball

Extras First on the

Street and the Best

First on the street by nine minutes, the World's Series Baseball Extra of The Times gave Washington its first story of the Braves-Athletics clash in Philadelphia yesterday. The final play was made at 3:58 o'clock. In less than 7 minutes afterward the presses of The Times were turning out thousands of papers, giving the results of the game, and every play, inning by inning. These were instantly on the street, and thousands were reading them in nearly every section of the city nine minutes before any other newspaper extra appeared.

## Eye-Witness Tells How Living Sea Dashed Into Breakers of Death As Germans Hurled Back Russian Lines

By KARL H. VON WIEGAND.

ON THE FIRING LINE, NEAR WIRBALLEN, Russian Poland, Oct. 8, via The Hague and London.—At sundown tonight, after four days of constant fighting, the German army holds its strategic and strongly entrenched position east of Wirballen. As I write this in the glare of a screened automobile headlight several hundred yards back from the German trenches, I can catch the occasional high notes of a soldier chorus. For four days the singers have lain cramped in these muddy ditches, unable to move or stretch except under cover of darkness. And still they sing. They believe they are on the eve of a great victory.

I reached the battle field of Wirballen shortly before daylight, armed with a pass issued by the general staff and accompanied by three officers, assigned to "chaperon" me and furnish technical information. We had traveled three days by automobile and were within three miles of the right wing of the German position when our machine broke down and we went ahead on foot.

### Wall of Steel Repulses Great Human Onslaught

Today I saw a wave of Russian flesh and blood dash against a wall of German steel. The wall stood. The wave broke—was shattered and hurled back. Rivulets of blood trickled back slowly in its wake. Broken, bloody bodies, wreckage of the wave, strewed the breakers. Tonight I know why correspondents are not wanted on any of the battle lines. Descriptions and details of battles fought in the year of our Lord 1914 don't make nice reading.

We struck the firing line at a point near the extreme right of the German position shortly before daylight, and breakfasted with the officers commanding a field battery.

Before the first crimsoning of the east every man was astir. Fresh supplies of ammunition brought up during the night were being stowed away in the caissons and cases. Empty shells were being thrown back out of the way. An artilleryman with a shovel went about throwing loose soil over dark slippery spots about one of the guns. I saw shovels similarly engaged several times during the day.

As daylight came I saw that the guns were on the reverse side of a hill, with their muzzles apparently pointing directly up the ascending slope.

While I was still marveling at the number of details requiring attention in this highly specialized business of man killing, I was yanked out of my reverie by a weird, tooth-edging, spine-chilling whistling screech overhead. The fact that the shell was from 500 to 1,000 feet above me and probably another couple of thousand feet beyond, before my ear registered its flight, did not prevent my ducking my head and giving my officer chaperons the chance to laugh that I had resolved not to give them. A good many shells had passed over my head before I could lose an almost irresistible desire to hug the ground.

For half an hour the German battery paid no attention to the shells passing overhead and out of range. Finally a soldier with a telephone installed on an empty ammunition box began talking and copying notes which the commander of the battery scanned hastily. A word of command, a lieutenant galloped along the line giving varying ranges to the different battery commanders. The crews leaped to their positions, and the battery went into action. The firing continued for perhaps fifteen minutes, when there was a halt, more telephoning, a new set of ranges for some of the guns, and a resumption of firing.

### POSITION WELL CHOSEN.

The position of the heavy German battery was well chosen. The mask was ideal and in the four days' battle the Russians had not succeeded in locating its position. It was only a chance shell or shrapnel that broke within the danger zone. But aside from watching the German guns in action there was nothing to see at this point, as not even the objective of the fire was visible, so with my officer escort, we

moved up to the crest of the hill, following the line of the field telephone to the point from which half a dozen officers were watching the effect and directing the German fire. Now both the German and Russian shells were screeching and screaming overhead in a most uncomfortable, if undangerous, fashion.

In the morning sunlight from the summit of the hill, I got my first view of the fighting that will go down in history as the Battle of Wirballen.

The line stretched off to the left as far as the field glasses would carry, in a great irregular semi-circle, the irregularity being caused by the efforts of both armies to keep to high ground with their main lines. As we watched, the entire fire of the Russian artillery seemed to be centered on a village situated on a low plain about 2,000 thousand yards to the northward of our position. The village—already deserted—was being literally flattened under a deluge of iron and steel. The ruins were in flames. After half an hour the reason for shelling the deserted village became evident. A general advance against the German center was launched and the Russians were making certain that the village, directly in the line of advance, had not been occupied by the German machine guns during the night.

So far, though I had been witnessing a battle of obviously tremendous magnitude, I had not seen the enemy. From our position slightly in the rear of the German flank, it was comparatively easy to trace our own line through the glosses, but the general line of the Russians was hard to determine, being indicated only by occasional flashes of gun-fire. With the start of the Russian attempt on the German center, however, the entire scene changed.

Yesterday, for the first time since the start of the battle on Sunday, the Russians attempted to carry the German center position by storm. All Sunday and Monday the opposing artillery had been hammering away at the opposing trenches. The marksmanship of the Russian artillery had been bad, but I was told that a Russian aeroplane had made a reconnaissance of the German position shortly after dawn yesterday. I saw no machines in flight. Twice, under cover of their field artillery, the Russian infantry advanced in force yesterday. Twice they were forced back to their defensive positions. Now they were to try again.

### RUSSIANS TUMBLE OUT.

The preliminaries were well under way, without my appreciating their significance until one of my officer escorts explained.

At a number of points along their line, observable to us, but screened from the observation of the German trenches in the center, the Russian infantry came tumbling out and rushing forward took up advanced positions, awaiting the formation of the new and irregular battle line. Dozens of light rapid fire were dragged along by hand. Other troops the reserves—took up semi-advanced positions. All the while the Russian shrapnel was raining over the German trenches.

Every move of the enemy was obviously being communicated to the German center. The German reserve column moved in closer. The rifle fire from the German trenches practically ceased. The German officers moved along in the open behind the trenches encouraging and steadying their men, preparing them for the shock.

Finally came the Russian order to advance. At the word, hundreds of yards of the Russian fighting line leaped forward, deployed in open order, and came on. One, two, three and in some places four

(Continued on Second Page.)

This eye-witness story of the battle of Wirballen is by Karl H. Von Wiegand, Berlin correspondent of the United Press, the first foreign correspondent permitted on the actual Russo-German firing line during a battle since the outbreak of the war. It is also the first eye-witness story by an American correspondent from the Russian front.

Particular significance attaches to the story from the fact that it came via London by cable and was passed by the British censor. It is the first important story of German successes to be passed through London, and indicates that the protests of the American press have been given heed by the English government.

The United Press has received notice from London that while Von Wiegand's story was passed by the censor for America, its publication in England has been withheld.

## BRISK FIGHTING ON FRENCH LEFT

Battle Continues Satisfactorily  
According to French War  
Office Report.

PARIS, Oct. 10.—"The battle continues satisfactorily," was the gist of this afternoon's 3 o'clock official communication issued by the war office at Bordeaux and telegraphed to Paris.

The statement declares that the French have succeeded in repelling violent attacks at several points on the left wing. Engagements on the left flank continue, but there is no general engagement, because of the broken nature of the ground.

North of the Oise, the statement asserts, the French have gained the advantage at several points.

Progress forward is also reported in the region around St. Mihiel.

Text of Statement.

The text of the statement is as follows:

"The battle continues satisfactorily. We have maintained our positions all along the line in the face of vigorous attacks by the enemy, particularly on the left in the region of Armentieres, Cassel, and La Bassée.

"North of the Oise, we have gained several advantageous positions. Full utilization of cavalry is impossible because of the rough nature of the ground.

"Antwerp was taken yesterday, but no details of the city's occupation are available.

"On our right, in the region of St. Mihiel, we have made progress.

"Severe fighting is in progress on the east Prussian frontier, in which the Russian forces have had a measure of success. They hold Lyck.

"The investment of Prenzlau is in progress, and the Russians have captured one of the principal forts, their position being favorable."

## PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE DEAD IN ROME

Cardinal Ferrata Victim of  
Appendicitis. Complicated by  
Peritonitis.

ROME, Oct. 10.—Cardinal Domenico Ferrata, papal secretary of state, died this afternoon following an attack of appendicitis complicated by peritonitis.

The removal from the powerful office of secretary of state will temporarily halt the efforts looking to peaceful settlement of the war, which the cardinal had begun, acting under orders of Pope Benedict.

Cardinal Ferrata was one of the most striking figures in the Roman curia. Thirty years ago Pope Leo XIII. in appointing him to the French ambassador at Rome, said: "I have, Mon signor Ferrata, an auditor of the Paris mint."

He was sixty-six years of age, an Italian, and had held numerous important offices.

Hotel Harrington, 11th & E Sts. Serves special Table d'Hôte Dinner for \$1 Sunday from 1 to 8 p. m. Good food, good music, delightful environment.—Adv.

## ZEPPELINS AND GREAT SIEGE GUNS REDUCE FORTS AND FIRE CITY

Surrender Comes After Three Days' of Horror,  
With Flames Spreading Through Belgian Seaport, and Irresistible Attacks Continuing Day and Night—News Held Back by Censor.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—Antwerp has fallen. All that was left of the beautiful temporary capital of Belgium is held by the Kaiser's victorious legions.

Two-thirds of the city is in flames or wrecked by the terrific fire of shells which the German batteries have poured in on its buildings.

Her gallant defenders after evacuating the doomed city, now face the possibility of being cut off from escape to the west. A large force of Germans is reported to have crossed the Scheldt river at Termonde and to be advancing in a northeasterly direction toward St. Nicholas.

If this movement is successful in cutting off the retreat to the west, the Belgians face the alternative of giving battle in the open to superior numbers or of being interned in Holland if they flee across the Dutch frontier, but a few miles distant.

News of the surrender of Antwerp was held up for many hours by the rigid censorship. Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock the white flag was hoisted on the tower of the great Cathedral of Notre Dame. Almost immediately the frightful din of the besiegers' guns died down.

Accompanied by Alderman Louis Franck, Burgomaster De Vos went to the Berschem gate. There they met General Von Veseler, commander of the German forces, and made unconditional surrender.

### FORTS CRUMBLE BEFORE GREAT GUNS.

## GERMANY EXPECTS PORTUGAL TO FIGHT

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 10.—On authority of a semi-official news bureau, it is announced from Berlin today that Germany is momentarily expecting a formal declaration of war by Portugal against Germany.

## RUSSIA ANNOUNCES RAIL CENTER TAKEN

Greatest Horror of War.

The war has piled horror upon horror of ruin and death in Belgium, but if the well authenticated reports of the fall of Antwerp are to be taken in full measure as the truth, this brief, but terrible action will stand out in history as the greatest horror of warfare of all times.

The wreck of the city in which 50,000 persons had gathered as they fled before the German invasion, could not be more completely had it been razed by an earthquake.

The siege of the city began at 9 o'clock Wednesday night, prompt to the minute as promised by the German commander. At that hour the tremendous siege guns, with a caliber of 16.5 inches, belched forth their first fire.

Just twelve hours before, notice had been given of the intended bombardment, with a warning that non-combatants should leave.

The first fire was directed toward the southern portion of the city, where it was centered for an hour. Little damage was done and the firing was not severe. At 10 o'clock it ceased. It was not renewed until midnight. This two-hour respite was in the nature of a last, and what proved to be a dire warning. At midnight a bombardment of terrifying proportions was begun. Efforts of the great siege guns centered on the outer circle of forts. Smaller

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